

DELL
10¢

APRIL

The LONE RANGER

52 pages
ALL COMICS!

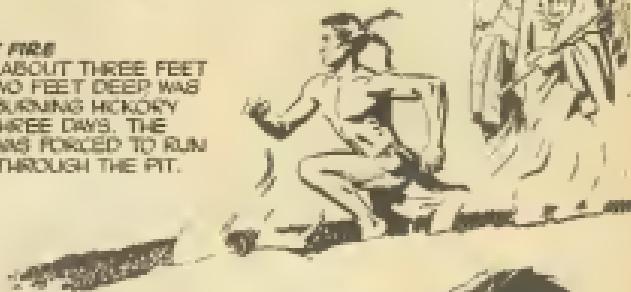


THIS IS A
KING
FEATURE

CANDIDATES FOR CHIEF AMONG THE OSAGES HAD TO UNDERGO *THREE ORDEALS*



① **MUSCULAR ENDURANCE**
THE FLESH WAS PIERCED UNDER
ARM MUSCLES—TIED THROUGH
THESE HOLES TO A SAPLING.
THE CANDIDATE HAD TO FORCE
HIS BACK TO THE GROUND AND
SHOW NO SIGNS OF PAIN.



② **DISOBEDIENCE**
A LONG PIT, ABOUT THREE FEET
WIDE AND TWO FEET DEEP, WAS
HEATED BY BURNING HICKORY
CHIPS FOR THREE DAYS. THE
CANDIDATE WAS FORCED TO RUN
BAREFOOT THROUGH THE PIT.



③ **THE EAGLE ORDEAL**
A CAPTURED EAGLE, AFTER A
LONG PERIOD OF FASTING, WAS
RELEASED. A YOUNG ANIMAL,
PREVIOUSLY TRAINED TO ACT
AS BAIT, HAD ALREADY BEEN
TIED TO A STAKE.
THE CANDIDATE HAD TO SEIZE
THE EAGLE AND PULL OUT ITS
TAL FEATHERS BEFORE IT
HAD A CHANCE TO HARM THE
ANIMAL.

The Lone Ranger AND THE STAR SAPPHIRE

TONTO, THAT IS THE HOUSE
WE PADRE MENTIONED.

THAT WHERE OLD COLONEL LIVE.

WHAT MATTER I DONT KNOW. THE
WITH COLONEL PADRE SIMPLY SAID
YARDLEY? THE COLONEL NEEDED
HELP OR HE'D LOSE
A BEAUTIFUL STAR
SAPPHIRE.

THAT GUNFIRE!

THIEVES!
ROBBERS!

WHAT MATTER WITH
COLONEL YARDLEY?

I DONT KNOW,
TONTO.

STAY WITH THE HORSES. I'M
GOING TO SEE WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!

THAT SHOOTING?
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN?

MARTHA! MARTHA,
DEAR, YOU SHOULDN'T
BE OUT OF BED!





OH, HE DID, EH? WELL, MISTER, YOU'D BETTER HAND IT OVER, PRONTO, AND THEN WE'LL TAKE OFF THAT MASK!







I NEED EVERY AVAILABLE MAN TO FORM A POSSE! OLD COLONEL YARDLEY HAS BEEN ROBBED BY A MASKED MAN!



HE'S LOST HIS STAR SAPPHIRE!



THERE GOES THE POSSE, SPADE!

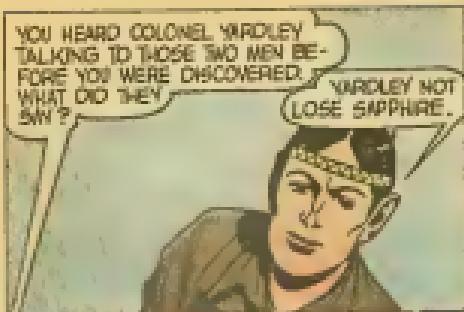






NO NO, MARTHA... LET THE LAW HANDLE THINGS.



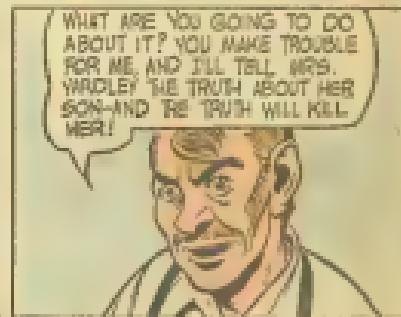
















YOUR SON LIES IN A HERO'S GRAVE.
I'M PROUD TO GIVE YOU HIS
CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL!

MY-MY
BOY A-
A HERO!

MARTHA, MARTHA, WAIT TILL YOU HEAR
THE NEWS!

THESE ARE THE FRIENDS OF OUR SON!
THEY SAY HE WAS A HERO IN THE
ARMY!

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOUR WIFE
ABOUT THAT.

AND YOU! YOU TWO CROOKS MADE ME
THINK HE'D BEEN SHOT AS A TRAITOR!
YOU MADE ME PAY TO KEEP YOU FROM
SPREADING THAT LIE ABOUT MY BOY!

HERE, COLONEL YARDLEY. THIS BOX
HOLDS THE JEWELRY YOU GAVE TO
SYDNE AND FARO.

TAKE THOSE CROOKS TO THE SHERIFF.
THEY'LL GET ALL THAT'S COMING TO
THEM!

YOUR JEWELS, MARTHA. ALL OF
THEM! INCLUDING THE STAR
SAPPHIRE.

BUT MOST OF ALL, I TREASURE THE
MEDAL THAT MEANS OUR BOY WAS ALL
THAT WE HOPED HE'D BE!

COLONEL BLAIR,
WE CAN NEVER
THANK YOU
ENOUGH...

IT WAS THAT MAN
WHO TOLD ME WHERE
I MIGHT FIND YOU.
HE BROUGHT ME
HERE!

Hi, Mr. Sheriff!

The Lone Ranger

AND THE WHEAT FIRE IN GREEN VALLEY





WHY YOU MISS WITH RIFLE?



GUNS EMPTY PRETTY QUICK, THEN YOU GET HIM.



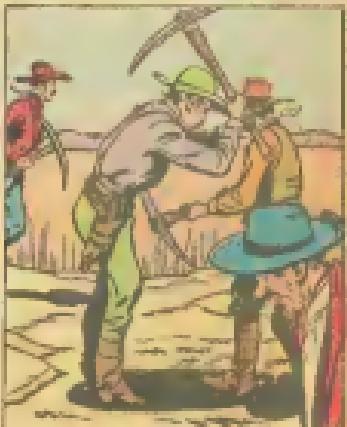
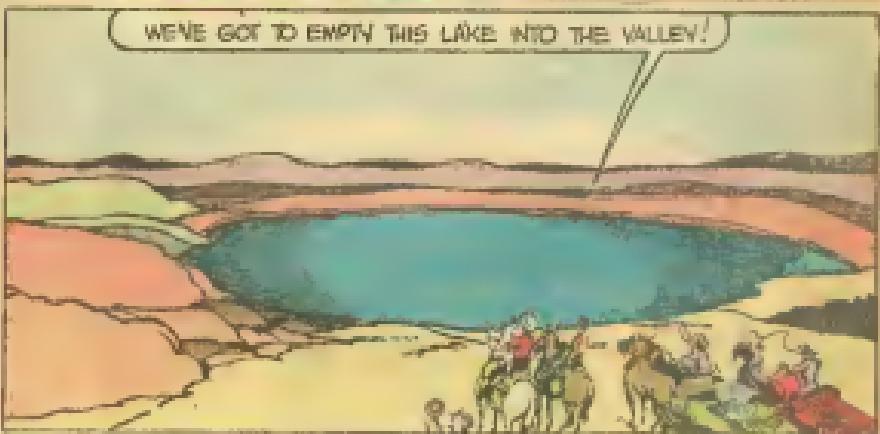
BANG



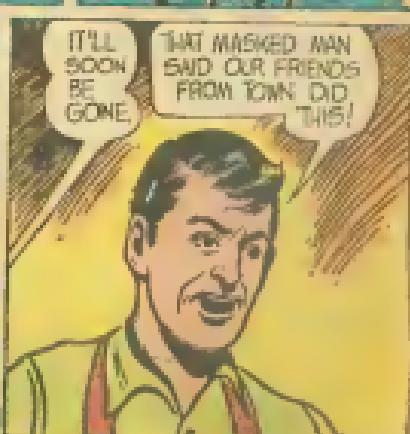
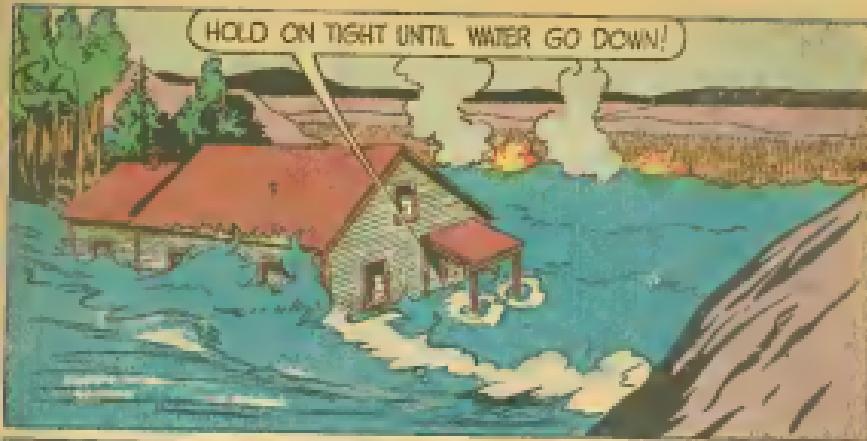


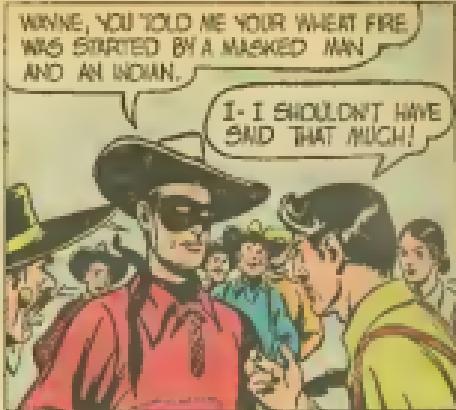
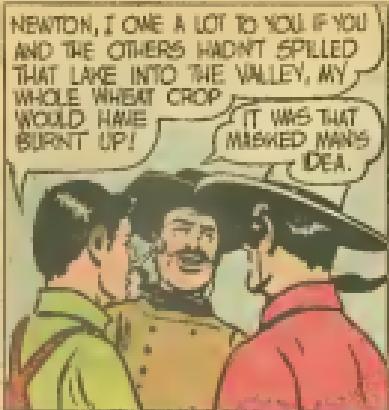


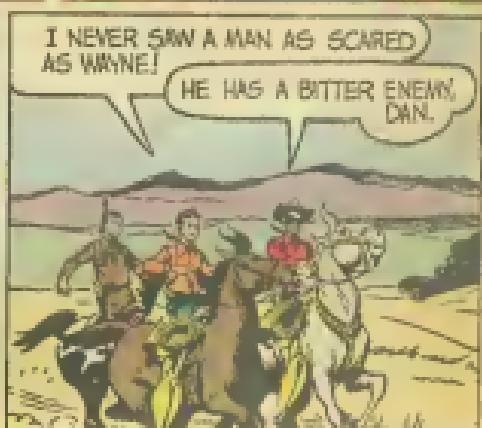














THOSE ARE THE
MEN WHO HELPED PUT
OUT GLPIN'S FIRE.

BUT WHY ARE
THEY COMING
HERE AND
RIDING SO
HARD?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MASKED
MAN! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



DON'T YOU
TRY TO
GET AWAY!
GET TO YOUR HORSES
AND SPREAD OUT! I'LL
MEET YOU LATER IN
CAMP!

GET THAT
MASKED
MAN!
COME ON SILVER!



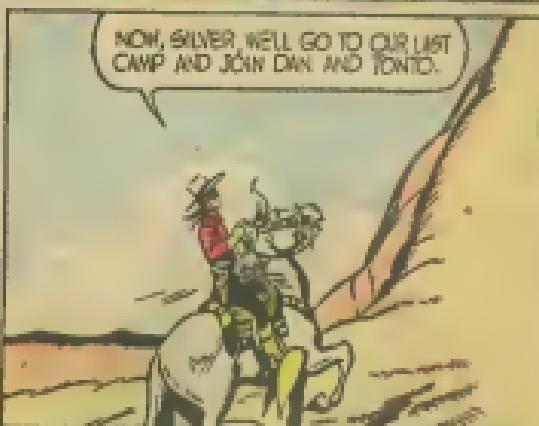
GOLLY TONTO, WHY ARE ALL THOSE TOWNS-
MEN CHASING THE LONE
RANGER?

ME NOT
KNOW!

WHAT WILL WE
DO?
DO AS LONE
RANGER SAY.
WE GO TO CAMP
AND WAIT







PICK UP THE TRAIL OF SUE
AND THE HALF-BREED!



WE PLenty
LUCKY TO
ESCAPE FROM
MASKED
FELLER!

YEAH, BREED, PLenty
LUCKY FOR A TIME I
DON'T THINK WE'D
LINE TO COLLECT
FOR STARTIN' THAT
GILPIN'S
FIRE!

WHEN WE GET PAID
FOR STARTIN'
GILPIN WHEAT
FIRE?

I'LL COLLECT AS
SOON AS I SEE
NEWTON.



AND THEN I'LL SETTLE WITH
THAT MASKED MAN WHO
CAPTURED US!



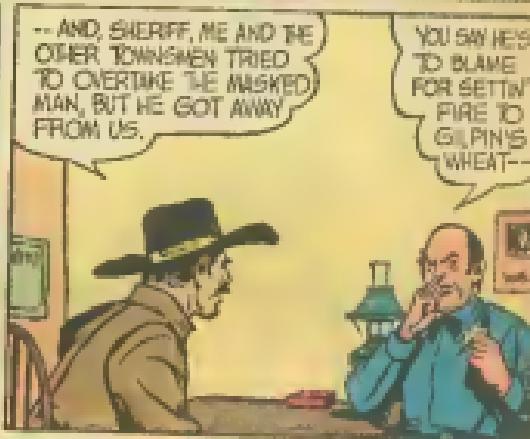
DO YOU MEAN ME?

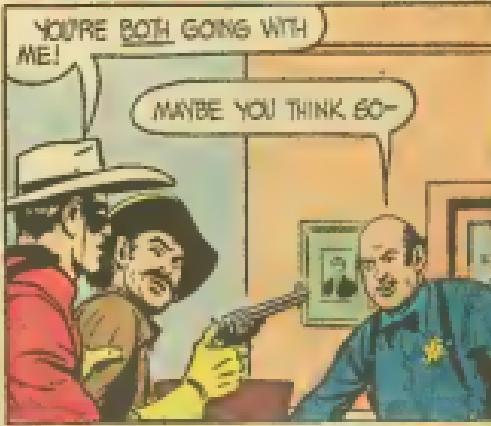
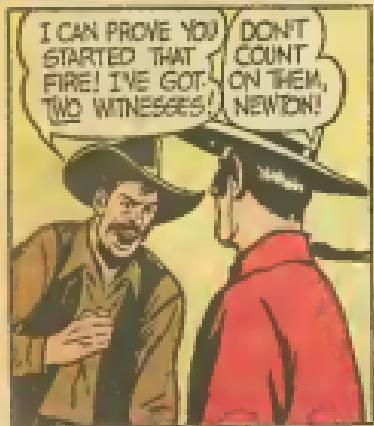


YES!

CLUCK.

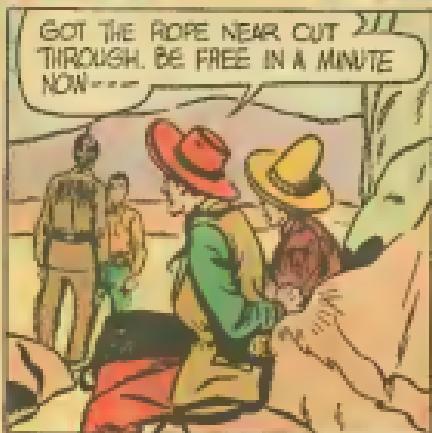




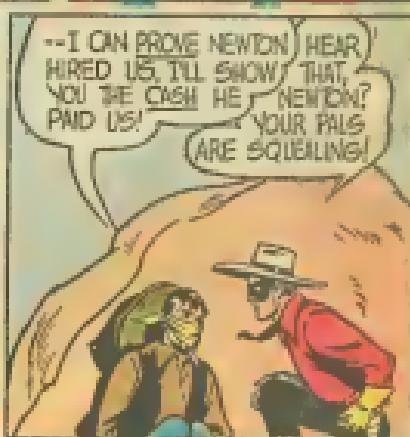


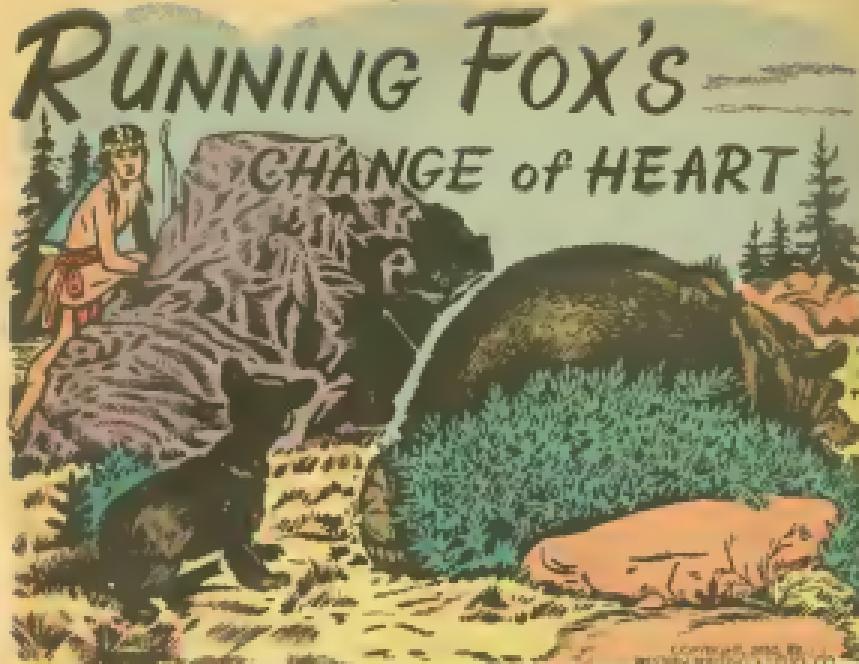












The rock rose up out of the under-brush like the rump of a giant beast, furred with moss and lichens. To Running Fox, it suggested a perfect look-out point to watch for game—or enemies! Silent as a lynx, he climbed. The soft soles of his deerhide moccasins gripped the rough granite.

At the top, he threw himself flat on his stomach. By raising his head a little, he could see through the tops of the young oak saplings which grew at the rock's base. For a hundred yards around, anything that moved would come under his gaze—a rabbit, a deer, or perhaps one of the white-skinned settlers with whom the Wyandotte tribe was at war!

Suddenly the boy stiffened to breathless attention. A big she-bear ambled into sight, with a fuzzy, awkward cub at her heels.

Instinctively, Running Fox noticed that the wind was blowing from the

bears toward him. That was better. These were no game for a lone Indian's bow! A mother bear, scenting an enemy so near to her cub, could become a deadly, four-footed fury before you could turn to run. And unless you could reach a very climbable tree in time, that would be the end of you! No arrow—no dozen arrows—could stop the charge of a raging, black bear.

As he glanced about for the nearest climbable tree, Running Fox's eye caught another movement. A human figure glided from behind a big tree trunk, not a hundred yards away. A WHITE HUNTER, in a fringed deer-skin shirt, coonskin cap, and long rifle—an enemy!

Running Fox could hear his own heart pounding. His breath—which he hadn't noticed before—seemed to whistle through his nostrils, so loudly that even the white man must hear! But, no—the coonskin cap was moving

toward the bears, rather than toward the rock.

What a chance to shoot an enemy of his tribe! Running Fox's grip tightened on his hunting bow. Then common sense spoke a warning: "Unless his first arrow should kill instantly, the white man's bullet would answer it—and a white man's aim never missed at that range. There was the mother bear to be reckoned with, too. Which one of them would she attack?"

A daring impulse seized the Wyandotte boy. He would make sure that the enemy hunter didn't pass unchallenged! Drawing a BLUNT arrow from his quiver, he laid it on the bowstring and drew . . . TWANG!

The soft hum of the bowstring was drowned out by the squeal of a shocked and frightened cub. The blunt arrow had bounced from the little fellow's ribs.

With a grunt of alarm, the mother bear turned to him. Sniffing the human scent on the blunt arrow, she snarled and rose on her hind feet to look around. Over the tops of the bushes she saw the white hunter—and at the same instant he saw her.

BANG! AURR-OUGH!

The rifle's report and the beast's roar of fury blended. Like a swift, deadly shadow the black bulk streaked toward the hunter. With empty rifle, he stood his ground, merely whipping out his long hunting knife. Watching

them, Running Fox forgot caution and rose to his knees.

At the last instant, the white man raised his rifle head-high. The bear rose to strike at it. At the same split second, the hunter's knife drove into her ribs. Still holding his rifle, he leaped free of the deadly paws, his sleeve in ribbons. The dying brute gathered her strength for a last rush. As she moved, the rifle's butt came chopping down, swift as an axe . . . The fight was over.

Watching it, Running Fox had forgotten to shoot again. He might have caught his enemy with an empty gun—now it was too late! Other white men were running through the trees, down by their leader's shot.

"Simon! Simon Kenton!" they shouted. "What have you got—a Wyandotte or a Shawnee?"

Running Fox did not wait to hear any more. Careful that no snapping twig or quivering bush should betray his flight, he slipped away among the oaks and underbrush. Once safely out of earshot, he broke into long, bounding strides that would have done credit to the fox, his namesake. He had news for his tribe—news of terrible importance!

The ambush was well planned. Two hundred Wyandotte braves, a few armed with captured rifles, lay in wait at the edge of a wide field, hidden among the trees. In the open, half a





dozen Indians were running, a hundred yards ahead of fifty frontier riflemen. The half-dozen red men plunged into the woods, and turned—“Wait!” hissed Chief Wolf Jaw. “Wait till they come near—”

BANG!—A Wyandotte’s nervous trigger finger had jerked. The trap was sprung! A hasty flight of arrows and bullets sped toward the startled white men. Only two or three struck a target.

“Come on, boys!” Simon Kenton roared, as two hundred red throats yelped defiance from the underbrush. “We’ll cut ‘em to pieces! FOLLOW ME!”

Wyandotte arrows were flying now with better aim. The scouts behind Kenton hesitated. Some emptied their rifles at half-glimpsed Indians. The red men saw their uncertainty—and charged.

Like a red tide, they swept over brave Simon Kenton. The other scouts suddenly lost courage and ran. For a few seconds, Kenton’s size and fury kept him on his feet. Then he went down under a yelling mob.

As one of the Wyandotte ambushers, Running Fox had seen it all. He had even tried to reach and help overpower the big White Warrior, but older braves had shouldered him aside. Now, back at Chillicothe, the Wyandotte and Shawnee headquarters, he was going to strike a blow for himself.

At a signal, Simon Kenton started his run down the double line of warriors armed with sticks. His body was stripped to the waist. His hands were bound in front of him. Suddenly raising them above his head, to protect it from blows that could daze or stun

him, he bounded zigzag through the gauntlet.

Lighter built braves jumped back from the hurtling giant—and their clubs missed, or struck glancingly. As the big white man lunged toward the opposite line, Running Fox leaped after him. His stick struck an iron-hard shoulder—and broke!

Kenton turned, like a cat. He was actually grinning.

“Good stroke, boy!” he shouted as he plunged on to the end of the line.

And there, to the amazement of all, he turned and started back through the crowd of club wielders, **LAUGHING AS IF IT WERE A GAME!** A brave enemy, this Simon Kenton!

The Wyandottes drew back, admiringly. No more blows fell. Chief Wolf Jaw and some older men went into a huddle. Muttering, jabbering, yelling with excitement, the red mob discussed new tortures to test the courage of their captive before he should die.

Only Running Fox was silent, thoughtful. Simon Kenton had won something more than the boy’s admiration. He wanted the white man to **LIVE**. Perhaps such a wish was treason, but he couldn’t help it. His heart had changed.

“O Gitche Manitou, Great Spirit!” he breathed a prayer, “Help Simon Kenton—”

A stirring of the crowd caught Running Fox’s attention. Chief Wolf Jaw was motioning for silence.

“It is decided,” he announced solemnly. “The White Warrior, Simon Kenton, shall not be killed!”

CONTINUED

YOUNG HAWK

"ROARING THEIR BRAVE BREWER, THE THREE INDIAN YOUNGSTERS FIND LIFE PERILOUS - IN A DAY LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MAN EVER DREAMED OF AMERICA."

"WELL SINH, YOUNG LUMH -- AND I CAN'T SWIM!"

"WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SHORE ALL EIGHT, WHITE FARM."



"COME ON, WHITE FARM -- YOU'RE TAME NOW."

"THE SMOKED MEAT -- IT'S ALL SOAKED!"

"WE'LL HAVE TO AMW! AND INVENTED FRESH FISH FOR DINNER!"



"WE'D HAVE BEEN MILES DOWN RIVER IF THE RAPIDS HADN'T MADE THE CANOE LEAK..."

"NEVER MIND, LITTLE BUCK -- I'LL FIND SOME PINE PITCH AND PATCH THE BROKEN SPANS..."

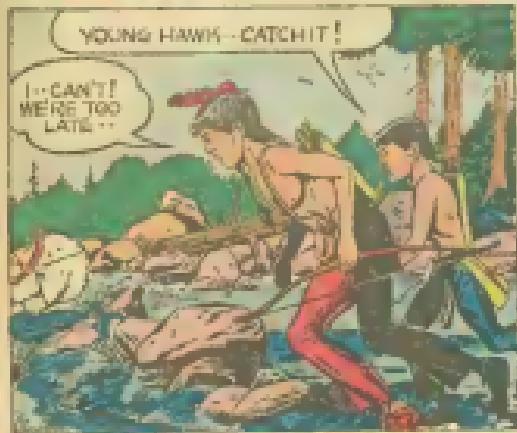


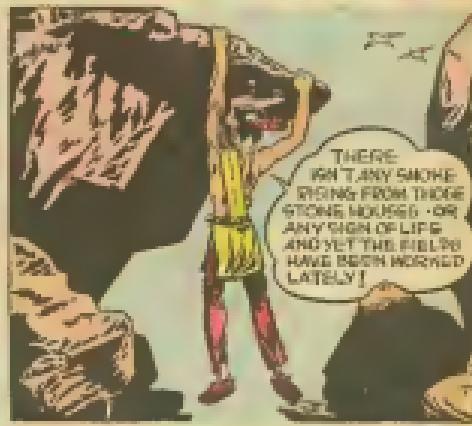
"WE'LL HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO FIND PINE PITCH HERE..."

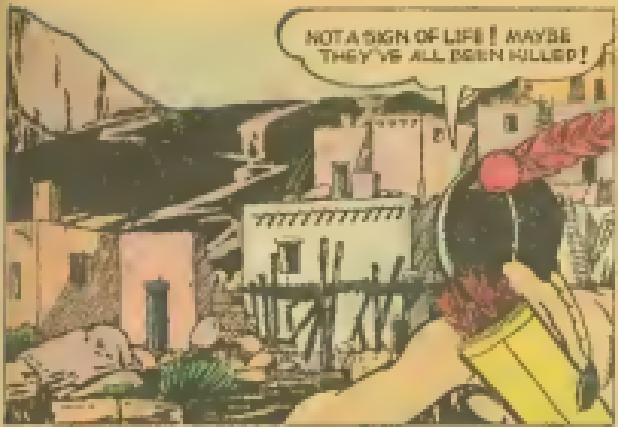
"PINES GROW ON THE MEBAS, LITTLE BUCK..."













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YOUNG HAWK ...

